University of Alberta Department of Music

A FACULTY RECITAL

ALAN ORD, bass

assisted by

GRANT HURST, pianist

Wednesday, October 28, 1987 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

SONGS OF LOVE

Of Young Love

O bellissimi capelli. . . . . .Andrea Falconieri
(c.1585-1656)

My Lovely Celia . . . . . .*George Monro
(-c.1731)

Sonntag, Op. 47, No. 3 (1860). . . . . .Johannes Brahms
(1774-1856)

Of Love Unfulfilled

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen, Op. 32, No. 2 (1864). . . . .Johannes Brahms

AH, Willow (Early English). . . . . Arr. G. Lane Wilson

Toglietemi la vita ancor. . . . . Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1775)

Of Love and Death

Bois Épais (Amadis) (1684). . . . . .Jean Baptiste Lully
(1632-1687)

In questa tomba oscura (1807) . . . . . Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Serenade (From the Songs and
Dances of Death) (1875). . . . . .Modest Mussorgsky
(1839-1881)

P A U S E

Of Eternal Love

Sapphische Ode, Op. 94, No. 4 (1884). . . . . .Johannes Brahms
Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32, No. 1 (1897) . . . . . .Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
Si, tra i ceppi (From Berenice (1737). . . . . George F. Handel
(1685-1759)

All's Fair in Love

Droop Not Young Lover . . . . . George F. Handel
The Pretty Creature . . . . . .Stephen Storace
(1762-1796)
False Phillis (Early English) . . . . . .Arr. G. Lane Wilson

NOTES

* Monro was an English organist and harpsichordist, who played in the orchestra of Goodman Fields Theatre from 1729 until his death.

LYRICS

O BELLISSIMI CAPELLI

O bellisini capelli,
miei dolcissimi diletti,
amorosi serpentelli
che ritorti in anelletti,
discendente in fra le rose
de le guancie rugiadose
Treccie ombrose, ove s'asconde,
per ferir, l'alato arciero,
cedan più lechiome bionde,
belle treccie, al vostro nero
che scherzando al viso intorno
note siete e gli occhi giorno

Oh, most beautiful hair,
my sweetest beloved
Loving serpents as,
caught in ringlets,
You fall among the roses of dewy cheeks.
Dark tresses, where th winged archer
conceals himself to wound,
Yielding a little, the blonde head.
Beautiful tresses,
your darkness
Plays around the face as the night
seals the eyes of day.

MY LOVELY CELIA

My lovely Celia, heav'nly fair,
As lilies sweet, as soft as air;
No more then torment me, but the kind,
And with thy love ease my troubled mind.

O, let me gaze on your bright eyes,
Where melting beams so oft arise;
My heart is enchanted with thy charms,
O take me, dying, to your arms.

SONNTAG

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n;
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein.
Wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!
So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

NICHT MEHR ZU DIR ZU GEHEN

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen,
Beschloss ich und beschwor ich,
Und gehe jeden Abend,
Denn jede Kraft und jeden Halt verlor ich.
Ich möchte nicht mehr leben,
Möchte augenblicks verderben,
Und möchte doch auch leben
Für dich, mit dir,
Und nimmer, nimmer sterben.
Ach rede, sprich ein Wort'nur,
Ein einziges, ein klares
Gib leven oder Tod mir,
Nur dein Gefühl enthülle mir,
Dein wahres!

SUNDAY

So it is by now a whole long week
That I have not seen my sweet love;
I saw her on a Sunday
As she stood before her door,
The thousandfold lovely maiden,
The thousandfold lovely daring.
Would to God, that I were with her today.
Then for a whole long week
My joy would not end.
I saw her on a Sunday
As she went to Church.
Would to God, that I were with her today!

TO GO NO MORE TO YOU

To go no more to you
I decided and I swore;
Yet I go every enening,
For all strength and all control I lost.
I want to live no more,
I want to perish at this moment,
And yet I want to live
For you, with you,
And never, never die.
Oh speak, say but one word,
One clear word only,
Give life or death to me,
Only reveal to me what you feel,
Your true feelings!

AH! WILLOW

To the brook and the willow
that heard him complain,
Ah! willow, willow!
Poor Colin went weeping
and told them his pain;
Ah! willow, willow!

"Dear stream, if you change
by her pillow creep,
Ah! willow, willow!
Perhaps your soft murmurs
may lull her to sleep,
Ah! willow, willow!"

TOGLIETEMI LA VITA ANCOR

Toglietemi la vita ancor, crudeli cieli,
se mi volete rapire il cor.

Take from me even my life, cruel heavens,
If you wish to carry away my heart.

BOIS ÉPAIS

Boi épais redouble ton ombre,
tu ne saurais être assez sombre,
tu ne peux trop cacher
Mon malheureux amour.
Je sens un dèsespoir dont l'horreur est
extrême,
Je ne dois plus voir ce que j'aime,
Je ne veux plus souffrir le jour,

Sombre woods,
in your shadows
hide my unhappy love.
If I will never again
see my beloved,
then I will forever
hate the light

IN QUESTA TOMBA

In questa tomba oscura lasciami riposar;
quando vivevo, ingrata, dovevi a me
pensar,
Lascia che l'ombre ignude godansí pace
almen
e non bagnar mie ceneri d'inutile velen.

IN THIS TOMB'S DARKNESS

Let me sleep
in the darkness of this tomb.
While I was alive,
you should have cared for me, unfaithful
one!

SERENADE

Evening of amethyst, stars all glisten,
tender spring breathing delight!
Trembling, the invalid leans out to listen,
hearing the whisper of night.
Sleep does not cover her eyes
wide and burning,
Youth pleads with joy not to fade.
But at the midnight to answer her yearning.
Death sings his soft serenade
Held here in prison so dark and confining
soon you will fade quite alone
Trust then your knight unnamed,
doubt resigning
I come to free you my own.
Rise see how lovely you are
Your reflection mirrors a face all alight
Rosy with pleasure, your curls,
Soft perfection veiling a form, milky white

Eyes sapphire blue,
fixed and bright as the moon is.
Shine now with radiant fire
Sweet is your breath and warm
Warm as the moon is.
How you awake my desire
My ardent pleading
will not be denied
Your desire summoned me here,
Thus I claim my reward,
and the prize my bride
Rapture at last is near.
Fragile your body,
and your tremor, enthralling.
Come, my embrace, how devine,
Stifles your breathing!
Your lover is calling, listen
Be still... You are mine!

SAPPHISCHE ODE

Rose brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage;
Süsser hauchten Duft sie als je am Tage,
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Aste
Tau, der mich nässte.
Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen
pflückte:
Doch auch dir,
bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen

SAPPHIC ODE

Roses from the dark hedge I plucked at night;
They breathed sweeter fragrance that
ever in the day
But the moving branches abundantly shed
The dew that showered me.
Thus your kisses' fragrance enticed me as
never before
As at night I plucked the flower of your lips
But you too, moved in spirit as they were,
Shed a dew of tears.

ICH TRAGE MEINE MINNE

Ich trage 'meine Minne vor Wonne stumm,
Im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.
Ja, dass ich dich gefunden, du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage, die mir beschieden sind.
Und ob auch der Himmel Trübe, kohlschwarz die Nacht.
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden,
so tut mir's weh,
Die arge muss erblinden vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

I CARRY MY LOVE

I carry my love, mute with rapture,
In my heart and my mind, wherever I go.
Yes, that I found you,
dearest one,
Cheers me throughout all the days alloted me.
Though skies are grim
and jet-black the night,
Brightly shines the sun-like splendour of my love.
And thought the sinful world is full of lies,
and though it grieves me,
The wretched world will be struck blind by your snow-like innocence.

SI, TRA I CEPPI

Si, tra i ceppi e le ritorte
La mia fe risplendera;
No, ne pur l'istessa morte
il mio foco estinguera.

Even chained and tortured,
my faith is invincible.
Nor will death
extinguish my believe

DROOP NOT YOUNG LOVER

Droop not young lover,
pine not in sadness.
Sighs ne'er will move her,
grief is but madness.
Love joys in gladness, tears are in vain.
If she look coldly,
sighs will but freeze her.

Follow her boldly, plague her and tease her.
If thou would please her,
hide, hide thy pain.
Still if she slight thee,
vex thee and spite thee.
Ne'er let it fright thee
Slight her again.

THE PRETTY CREATURE

Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!
When I next do meet her,
no more like a clown
Will I face her frown,
But gallantly will I treat her
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature.

But then her wicked, charming eyes,
When she looks up, show kind surprise;
I, like an awkward, foolish crown
When she looks up must needs look down.

Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

Despair gives courage oft to men,
And if she smile, why then, why then,--

Oh! the pretty, pretty creature!

FALSE PHILLIS

Exact to appointment
I went to the grove
To meet my fair Phillis,
and tell tales of love;
But judge of my anguish,
my rage and despair,
When I found on arrival no Phillis was there.

I waited awhile,
which increased by my rage.--
With lovers you know ev'ry moment's an age,--
I sighed and I cried,
and Iooked far and near,
But in vain was my looking--no Phillis was there!

To wait any longer I thought was in vain,
So I trudged o'er the fields
to my cottage again,
When oh! to my grief,
in a grove that was near,
I beheld the false Phillis
with Damon was there.

I glowed with resentment,
and proudly passed by,
When, sweet as the morning,
young Kate caught my eye:
I told her my story--she banished my care:
Bade me go to the grove--she would surely be there.